MORE MODERN MIRACLES

Remarkable Cures in Cases Supposed to be Incurable.

PROOF IS INDISPUTABLE.

The Most Severe Nervous Disorders Known to Medical Science Permanently Cured-Some Sworn Statements.

bleed and nerves rule the entire system. A medrine which both builds up the blood and strength s the nerves is, therefore, calculated to strike at the source of a greater number of diseases than ny other. Such a remedy must also be an unsur assed tonic, making pale, weak, nervous men and men feel strong, active and energetic. That it hould also prove a specific for many serious dis-Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, Diseases long believed by physicians to be incurable, chronic oubles of long standing, have succumbed to the potent influences of this great remedy. Locomotor axia, paralysis, sciatica, nervous prostration and cany of the cures effected that they have com to be known as modern miracles. Those that follow will show that this title is fully deserved.

ST. VITUS' DANCE.

How One Little Sufferer Was Permanently Cured.

From the Traveler, Arkansas City, Kas. Rapid as has been the advance of medical scice along many lines, it is only in recent years that a remedy has been discovered for one of the most dreadful of nervous diseases that afflict chil-

This and other nervous disorders that cause the pale and wan faces and peevish, irritable disposiions of so many children can now be scientifically eated by a remedy which strikes at the root of

he disease by renewing the impoverished blood nd strengthening the nerves. Words of commendation for this remedy com rom all parts of the civilized world. This is the deresting story told by Mr. and Mrs. Christopher

rong of Jefferson, Okla.: "Our youngest daughter was for three years aficted with St. Vitus' dance, and we almost deired of finding relief in medical treatment. She cas so beloless that she had to be fed, and would

fall over at times and be unable to rise. 'We had heard and read a great deal about Dr Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and, as a last resort, determined to try them. The effect as almost miraculous. From the first box there was a noticeable improvement, and by the time she had taken six boxes she was almost well. Algether she took about a dozen boxes, and by the time she was thirteen years of age was strong and healthy, weighing 114 pounds."

CHRISTOPHER ARMSTRONG, MARY ARMSTRONG.

The power of Dr Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in the vast number of diseases due to imtem has been demonstrated in thousands of instances as remarkable as those related above.

LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA.

A Pronounced Case Cured Recently Near Chicago.

From the Chicago Tribune

Samuel Curnock of No 62 Twenty-second avenue, Melrose Park, Ill., is a man who owes his life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He was born in England less than 37 years ago, and before oming to this country lived in Ireland and the Jersey Islands. The story of his cure is best told his own words. He says:

"Early in 1838 I began to experience a worn-out eeling and noticed that I became tired after very light exertion. I continued at my work in the achine shop until July 2, 1898, when I suffered om a fall and after that time grew rapidly worse. physician was called and pronounced my trououths, and there was no improvement in my conthat I would continue to grow worse until death relieved me. I was not confined to my bed, although I spent much of my time lying down, and was entirely unable to work. I could hardly stand; seemed as if my legs would give out from under drunken man A cold numbness came in my right and I lost the strength of my right arm. Then my eyes began to blur so that I could see nothing distinctly, and in a short time I became ally blind in my right eye.

gow Weekly Mail. a Scotch newspaper, of a cure in a case similar to mine which was effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I was so impressed by the account that I began taking the and within a month I was so much improved that I determined to persist in the treatment. At the end of the second month I was able to return my work, and have not lost a day on account of illness since that time. Since I began taking the pills I have gained 30 pounds in weight, can walk almost as well as ever and my sight is fully restored.

"I firmly believe that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People saved my life and enabled me to again earn my livelihood, and I can recommend them to any one suffering with locomotor ataxia or any other severe nervous disorder, even if pronounced incurable, as I was." SAMUEL CURNOCK

Subscribed and sworn to before me this first day of August, 1900. ADAM DAVIDSON.

WAS HOPELESS.

Health Shattered by the Grip Restored by Pink Pills.

From the Journal, Kansas City, Mo.

following is one case among bundreds in which an attack of the grip has left the patient wrecked in health, and in which every effort of physicians has proved unavailing. The story is told in the words of the sufferer, Mrs. J. B. Shaw of 2101 Belfountain avenue, Kansas City, Mo. She

When the grip was epidemic here I was one of its victims, and the disease left me in a bad state. I formerly had an excellent memory, but after the attack I could scarcely remember anything. I had severe pains in the top and back of head and was dizzy by spells. I would lie awake until nearly morning and then fall into a sleep that was not restful. My heart action was weak and I was a victim of nervousness. In fact, my health was shattered by the attack of the grip

and recovery seemed hopeless.
"After being afflicted in this manner for several weeks I happened to read an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Thinking they might do me good, I began taking them at once. In three days I was much better and could sleep like a child at night. After using a box of pills my memory was restored and I felt greatly encouraged. I continued taking them until I

had used three boxes, and was in better health than I had enjoyed before in several years.
"I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People to many of my friends, and urge all who are suffering from the effects of the grip to use them and drive the lingering disease from

It is a medical truth that, beyond dispute, the reply, I will gladly answer all inquiries relating to

Mrs. J. B. SHAW. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of February, 1901. LIONEL MOISE,

TWO YEARS IN BED.

Declared a Hopeless Invalid Yet Found a Cure.

From the Press, Grand Rapids, Mich. Of the many remarkable cases which have re-

cently occupied the attention of the medical world and of the public at large, none more strikingly illustrates the wonderful power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People than the recovery of Mrs. Jennie Tattle, who, after two years' confinement to her bed, was restored to perfect health and strength. Mrs. Jennie Tuttle, who lives at the corner of

Fulton and Market streets, Grand Rapids, Mich., tells the following story:

"I had been flat on my back in bed for two ears, and the doctors had given me up as a hopeless case. They had resorted to every remedy known to their profession and had even subjected me to the tortures of five surgical operations. My trouble was due to change of life, and I grew weaker and weaker until I became helpless and unable to leave my bed. A nurse and four physleians attended me. "One box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale

People gave me great relief, and after using them for three months I was a well woman, having been able to leave my bed the sixth week after commencing the treatment. I can state that the cure was complete and permanent, as it is now three "I have recommended the pills to several of m

relatives. My mother-in-law, who is 72 years old, took them for general debility, and they soon produced a very marked improvement in her condition. I wish that the thousands of women who are afflicted as ' have been may know of this remedy which has saved my life and given me health and strength."

Signed. Subscribed and sworn to before me this second day of August, 1960.

B. F. BARENDSEN, Notary Public.

All the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves are contained, in a condensed form, in Dr. Willfams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of the grip, palnitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and all forms of Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 they are never sold in bulk or by the hundred), by addressing Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

ABOUT ALEXANDRA.

The Tastes and the Pets of the New

The queen is so well known as a clever milliner, a branch of stitchery that appeals to her liking for pretty things, that her other accomplishments are apt to pass unnoticed. At one time she took great pleasure in designing the most charming chairback patterns, which she embroidered in silks chosen for their exquisite coloring and artistic blending, in an uncommon stitch known as the Italian among clever embroiderers. Then, as those who study the handicrafts shown annually at the Albert Hall show are possibly aware, she is an expert worker in embossed leather, which skillful art she inaugurated at the technical school that bears her name at

On not one instrument, but on many, Queen Alexandra, who is, as all the world knows, a doctor of music of Dublin University, is a charming and highly accomplished performer. She plays on uncommon instruments, such as the zither, dulcimer and harp, and is a pianist of superb execution, who has deigned to play sometimes for charity's sweet sake. She took lessons from Sir Charles Halle, among other noteworthy instrumentalists, and at Marlborough House has pianos in every entertaining room, in some even a couple. Her water colors are little gems of beauty and artistic feeling, and especially is she fond of perpetuating the wet, sunny sweeps of a low-lying coast, which possibly appeal to her regard as a Danish princess, re-minding he. of the picturesque dunes of

Sandringham.

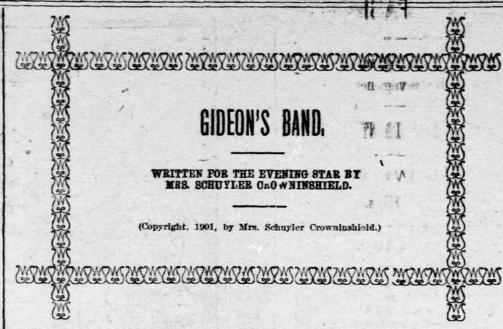
her father's kindom. Like the king, Queen Alexandra is devotedly attached to dogs, and has taught her children to be fond of all animals, and to keep numbers of pets. The year before last the Princess of Wales, as she was then, was delighted to receive as a birthday present from her husband portraits of her two pet spaniels, Billee and Punchie, funny little Chinese and Japanese dogs of most delicate coloring and dainty physique. It was Mrs. Massey who painted these dogs, and in the royal family there has been quite a furore of late for such minia-Princess Victoria had her dog

fluffy made into a charming portrait just before last Christmas with her pet dove. Fluffy is a veritable ball of white fluff, and the two pets, who are the greatest friends, looked most charming in the picture. One of the dove's favorite tricks is to perch upon Fluffy's back or to lie between his paws looking up at him in the most affectionate way. The dove is a wonderful bird, and has been twenty-three derful bird, and has been twenty-three years in the possession of the young princess. Thrilling adventures and accidents has he known, but he seems to bear a charmed life, and still looks the picture of perfect health. Princess Charles of Denmark's favorite pet at the present time is Carlo, a most spirited little Italian Spitz of the brightest manners who health of the brightest manners, who has also

ad his likeness taken. It is pathetically interesting to know that our late beloved queen admired dog minia-tures, and a month before she died her two favorits. Described tures, and a month before she died her two favorite Pomeranians had been painted in one miniature. Turi and Marco made a very pretty group. Marco sitting up with a staid and dignified air and Turi lying down with one paw daintily raised. It was Marco for which her majesty asked when she was lying ill a few days before the end. The little creature was lifted upon the bed and nestled up to his mistress for the

The Directoire Fashions.

Empire modes, though always much worn by the few whom they suit, have given way lately to the less graceful, though perhaps smarter, directoire or Louis XV fashions. A very effective evening gown in salmon embroidered tulle has the edge of the skirt draped with roses in mousseline de soie over frothy underskirts of plain de soie over frothy underskirts of plain tuile. This is completed by a tunic of creamy ivory satin, cut in panels, bordered with hand-painted roses and applied velvet roses in relief, with foliage a most exquisite piece of work. The plain, longwaisted corsage, with invisible fastening at the back, is simply trimmed with velvet and mousseline roses, with "brilliant" centers.



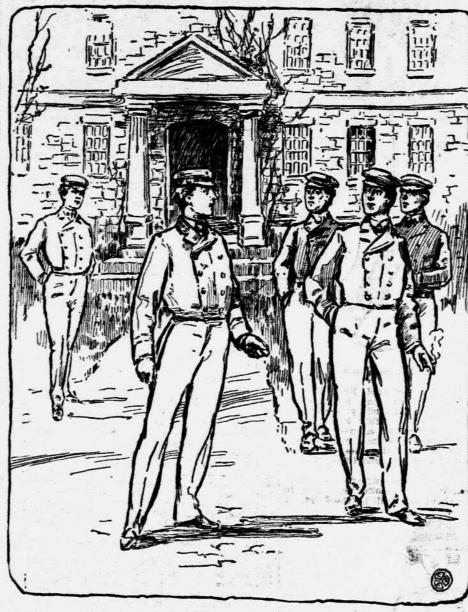
"What's the matter with Billy Buckner?" This question was asked by one lieutenant of another as they stood the center of a group in front of the old recitation buildings in the academy grounds at Annapolis. It was the afternoon of the 20th of April, that lovely month of freshness and greenery and the promise of all good things, but the month to which, since that year of 1861, the sailor and soldier alike have applied the hateful title of "Bloody April." For the green of the freshening grass was soon to be deluged with its complimentary color, the grim red of the field of death. 'What's the matter with Billy Buckner?"

The members of the naval group looked at each other as the question was asked, and there was no one to answer it fully. For days the pleasant-faced young Ken-

structor, with whom he had been to sea in the good old ships, a stranger to those who with him hoisted the colors under which they all had served? A stranger? A foreigner? Buckner turned toward the parade ground, and raised his eyes to the floating colors. When his resignation floating colors. When his resignation should be accepted he would serve under that flag no more. These men would be his friends no longer. Never again would he be entitled to wear the uniform which he had carried so proudly and which he had not yet discarded.

Without a word he turned, and, walking up the long path which led to the entrance to the academy grounds, he passed from their sight. They stood silently looking after his retreating figure. When he had disappeared from view one of them said: "You have hurt him to the quick. That is the last that we shall ever see of old Buck. He has gone to take the train home."

tuckian had gone about, so the middles who had made their first cruise the previous hope he will remember every word that I



"PARLEZ VOUS FRANCAIS?"

summer said, "With his face as long as a said and that he understands how much it wet hammock." He was facing the hard-est problem of his life, for already the outbreak in Baltimore against the 6th Massachusetts had given a foretaste of war. Was his duty to the nation of his allegiance or to the state of his birth? Day after day he had seen his friends resign, one after another, and pass out forever from the academy. His comrades from southern states were urging him as a stanch south-erner to resign. He had no one of whom to ask advice, because no one whom he knew was unbiased, nor from the circum-

stances of the case, could be.
On Friday night, the 19th of April, Lieutenant Buckner had hardly slept. In the morning he was up with the dawn, and writing at his desk. The paper that he penned was his resignation from the navy of the United States. He had at last de-termined to throw in his lot with the secessionists. Signing the paper he waited only until the superintendent should be in office, and then he sent the document in to him. It was that afternoon that his downcast mien, as he slowly crossed the parade ground, attracted the attention of his fellow officers and called forth the ques-

"What's the matter with Billy Buckner?" A newcomer who had just then joined the group was the one to answer it.
"Why, didn't you know he had resigned?"

"Resigned? Old Buck? Well, I really thought he would stick." "I thought he had more sense," said an-

tuckian," urged the first speaker, "and that the latest rumor is that his state has se-ceded. Then, too, Hunter Davidson and Wood and Billy Parker have gone, you know; all friends of his, and southern "Well, perhaps that's natural. I don't

know how I should look at it if I were a southerner." "What! Natural to turn your back on that?" The man who had brought the news wheeled about and pointed to the curves of red, white and blue, as they undulated in the spring breeze. "Natural, when the government has educated him? Natural to desert that government and use that learning to aid those who are trying to destroy the Union, which he has sworn to defend? I call it most unnatural!"

"I wonder how he feels now?" remarked another

another.
"Like a Britisher or a Dutchman, prob-"Like a Britisher or a Dutchman, probably," said the first, in a contemptuous tone. "He can never be one of us again!"
"Poor old Buck!" said the second speaker. "He was a good fellow." He shook his head and looked down. They spoke of Buckner now as if he died that morn-

"Go light; here he comes," warned one of the group, as the young officer came around the corner of the recitation hall. Buckner's eyes were upon the ground, He was thinking deeply. Had he done right? Should he have sent in his resig-

whom he had served as a student and in- fare and ravenously devoured it, and she

For Buckner the incident was a turning point. For the first time his eyes were open to the full meaning and consequence of the decision which he had made that morning. The mail which would carry his resignation to the Secretary of the Navy had closed. If he could only withdraw that resignation! It was now too late to get it from the mail. Well, then, he could board the afternoon train which carried the mail, go to Washington and beg the Secretary to throw his resignation into the waste basket. He would do it. He would withdraw that resignation whether his state seceded or not. But would the Secretary allow him to withdraw it? Ah, that was the question! Buckner hurried away to the railway sta-

tion, feeling in his pockets as he ran to discover whether he had money enough for his fare. Yes, in that he was fortunate. He had not asked for leave. He felt himself a foreigner now, until the fatal resig-nation should be withdrawn and destroyed. He had no more rights at the academy, not even the right to ask for a day's leave. He was no more one of them, but indeed a stranger. He had read it in the faces of his friends. With these thoughts surging within his heart he reached the railway station. Breathlessly he sprang upon the platform. There was no train in sight! There was no one at the ticket office; the grating was down, the window closed. The last train for the day had gone! This was Saturday. There would be no train on the morrow, Sunday. On Monday morning the Secretary would open the superintendent's envelope and his fate would be decided, while he was too far away to make a protest. On Monday who could tell how many of his friends would be going off to the defense of the government, a course in which his insane folly had precluded him from

joining?

There was still one chance. Buckner's mind was made up in a moment. He set a determined face toward Washington, and a determined face toward Washington, and at a rapid pace he started to walk the forty miles, following the rails which he knew must lead him thither. And as he walked thoughts and misgivings surged in his brain. Should the Secretary go to the Navy Department on the next day, Sunday, all was lost! If ever Billy Buckner prayed in his life it was as he strode along the track in the direction of Annapolis Junction, and the burden of his prayer was that the Secretary of the Navy, Gideon Welles, should be so religiously inclined that he would not approve of opening the Navy Department on the Sabbath day, even were the enemies of the government at her very gates.

even were the enemies of the government at her very gates.

Before the opening hour on Monday morning, he reckoned, he could make the distance. He would proceed as far as possible that afternoon and evening and far into the night. Then he would rest a part of Sunday, and, walking again the rest of the day and night over the weary, dizzying ties, he would get them in time. He was sure he could do his patt; if only the Secretary would give back to him the fateful paper.

He was thinking deeply. Had be done right? Should he have sent in his resignation? He knew that it must have already been read by Commodore Blake, the superintendent, and with other papers have superintendent, and with other papers have been put in the mail for Washington, that the Secretary of the Navy might take what action he chose. Buckner could not recall it if he would. And would he?

As he approached the group, who were only waiting for developments which should call them out in defense of the Union, all seves were turned upon this, their late comrade. There seemed to be no disposition to draw him into the group as of old. He was ostracized. But one of the officers, equicker of wit perhaps than the rest, or appreciating more deeply than did the others what Buckner's resignation meant to himself, to them and to their alman mater, called out in a jesting tone:

"Parlez vous francais?"

Buckner raised his eyes with a surprised in comprehension of the reason why he should be addressed in an alien tongue.

"What's that?" he said.

"I only said Parlez vous francais," returned the questioner. "You know you are a foreigner! The word struck a cold chill to Buckner's heart.

"Perhaps you are going to take French leave, like the rest of them," added another.

Buckner started, stung to the marrow. He looked the man in the eye. Was this what they said of him? A foreigner? A stranger to all of these friends of his what they said of him? A foreigner? A stranger to all of these friends of his what they said of him? A foreigner? A stranger to all of these friends of his what they said of him? A foreigner? A stranger to all of these friends of his what they said of him? A foreigner? A stranger to all of these friends of his what they said of him? A foreigner? A stranger to all of these friends of his what they said of him? A foreigner? A stranger to all of these friends of his had been to the man i

blessed him as, after giving her some money, he took up his march, and with fresh hope and strength stepped out again upon the ties. All that bright, still Sunday morning he tramped, and when the sun beat down too hotly he laid himself down, this time in the cool woods, where again he rested. When the moon had risen he left his bed of grass and pursued his way. As the stars grew faint and the way. As the stars grew faint and the moon sank in the west his spirits rose, for did he not discern in the distance the wooded heights of the Potomac, and were not the first rosy beams of morning gliding the spires of the Mecca toward which he journeyed?

It was a wayworn and dusty figure of a lieutenant that hastened along Pennsylvalieutenant that hastened along Pennsylvania avenue to the Navy Department that Monday morning. The doors were closed; then he was still in time! By and by there began to be a mild sort of stir. The early birds were out seeking the worm. A watchman opened the doors; a sweeper came down the street and, entering the department, began to give the great halls the air of neatness that public building demands. Then the employes began to gather. Buckner now entered the door, and the first person whom he recognized was old Lindsay Muse, the colored messenger, who had served there since the time of Andrew Jackson.

"Can you tell me," said Buckner, "when the mail comes in?" "Well, sah, we have sevul mails."

"I mean the mail from the north, the Annapolis mail." "Well, suh, we gets sevul, as I tole you-but I 'spose the Annapolis mail will be along 'bout hawf paws 8 o'clock, suh."
"What is the time? My watch has stop-

"Well, suh, it's 'bout twenty minutes "Where do they take the mail when it

"Right in dat room, suh." Buckner's mind was in confusion. He hardly knew whether he should try to pro-cure surreptitiously the document for which ie had come to Washington, or whether he should trust to the Secretary's accepting his assurance that he had thoroughly re-pented of his action. He wondered if he would be able to face the Secretary. He had heard of him as a stern, set man. What if he should refuse to accept his promise? Buckner seated himself on a bench in the hall and waited. When finally he heard the mail wagon draw up with a tremendous clatter at the door, and saw the postman enter the hall with some enor-mous bags, his heart almost stopped beating. He watched the postman disappea in the mall room, and when the messen gers began to leave it, carrying parcels of letters and documents to the various offices and bureaus, he got up from his seat and slowly mounted the stairs, for he knew that among those parcels was the desired Reaching the second floor he asked to be shown to the room of the Secretary.

"The Secretary is not here yet, sir, but the chief clerk, Mr. Welch, is in his room sorting out the mail."
"Which way?"
"Right in here."

Buckner entered and found himself in the presence of the chief clerk, and in the antecoom of that greatest man on earth, to the naval officer, the Secretary of the Navy, Gideon Welles. The rapid beating of the lieutenant's heart set itself to the meas-ures of a chorus which the academy midshipmen were to sing, roaring it out with a will, in loyal gusto: "If you belong to Gideon's band, Here's my heart and here's my hand.

Oh, we belong to Gideon's band, Looking for a home!"

Did he belong to Gideon's band? That would be decided for him within the next few moments. He knew, as the words rang through his brain, that he was, indeed, looking for a home which he had very near ly, if not quite, lost. "May I see the chief clerk?" he asked with a shaking voice.

"Yes. I am the chief clerk." How cool and careless this official's tone to the man whose fate hung in the balance! "May I speak with you a moment, Mr. "I am very busy looking over the Secre tary's mail. Can't you come in in an hour

An hour or so! When the Secretary might have the resignation in his hand in the next minute!

"Don't ask me to go away," said Buckner. "Let me tell you-"
The anxiety of the officer's face the eye of the chief clerk and he felt that something was very wrong. Another going to resign, perhaps! This was serious! "Come in here," said he.

Buckner drew near the desk piled high with mail matter. Oh, if he dared but seize upon every document there and de-stroy all, so that his own might be among them! But the discipline of the trained Annapolis man stood him in good stead, and with as calm a voice as he could sum mon to his aid he explained the matter of such great moment to him to the chief clerk.

"When was that paper malled?"

"Saturday afternoon."
"And you wish to withdraw it?" "Yes, yes! For God's sake, give it to The chief clerk was slowly turning over

the mail. Buckner watched him with anxious eyes.
"I don't see it here," he said, haltingly "But it must be there! Oh, do hurry, please. Secretary Welles may come in at any moment. Ah! There it is! I know the

Mr. Welch took up the document and held it in his hand; he examined the su-perscription carefully. "When did you leave Annapolis?" he

"On Saturday afternoon." "Oh! On the train that brought this?"
"No, the last train had gone."
"And you—"
"I walked."

"What? All that way? You walked from Annapolis to Washington to get that resignation back?" Buckner nodded, his eyes still fixed the fatal paper. The chief clerk did not speak. He was so long silent that Buckner's fears rose sickeningly, but as his face whitened the chief clerk laid the incriminating document in his outstretched

He looked at Buckner for a moment and then he cleared his throat.

"May you fight for the flag," said he,
"with the same spirit that brought you on
foot over the long road between Annapolis
and Washington."

and Washington."

"And you will not mention it to—to—"

"I shall say nothing now," said the chief clerk. "I have no right to tamper with the mails, although it is within my province to open the Secretary's mail. In this case, I don't believe the President himself would say that I had done wrong."

The handshake which accompanied these words seemed to Buckner to place him

again upon the plane from which he had so lately fallen. He grasped the precious paper and hurried from the room. That nervous strength which had kept him keyed up so long as there was need of it had now deserted him, and he felt as weak as a child. He almost staggered through the corridor and down the stairs. His eyes were full of tears.

As Buckner descended the stairs an old

man was coming up, a man with long, white whiskers and a very decided expression of mouth. He closely scrutinized the uniformed lieutenant.

"Hey, hey, sir! What are you doing away from your post, sir?"
"I am just going back to Annapolis, sir," said Buckner.

"To fight for your flag, I hope, young man," said the Secretary, thinking of the resignations he had received of late.
"So help me God!" said Buckner, and passed out with a salute. passed out with a salute.

History does not relate how Lieutenant
Buckner disposed of the restored resignation, but he reached Annapolis that after-

noon by train, and sought the superintendent at once to tell his story. As he entered those grounds which he had left in such humiliation only two days ago, he walked with head upraised, and a return of the old, proud, military stride. They could "parlez yous Francais" him no more!

Buckner halted for a moment and faced the staff which stood in front of the old building where he had studied and learned much that he knew of faith in and honor to country. The midshipmen were drilling and as they started to march boldly off the parade ground the band struck up:

"Do you belong to Gideon's band?" Buckner raised his hat, and then his oyous voice rang out, as she joined in with ose strains of martial music.

"I belong to Gideon's band, Here's my neart and here's my hand, O! I belong to Gideon's band, Looking for a home!"

THE CHURCHES

Much interest is felt by the members of the Baptist churches in this city in the approaching annual meeting of the northern Baptist convention, which is to be held in May at Springfield, Mass

Among the many anniversaries that will take place during the sessions of the convention will be that of the American Baptist Historical Society, which is national in character. It was organized in 1856 by John M. Peck, but as ar the end of eight years it had collected but twenty-five volumes and sixty pamphlets, at its anniversary in Cleveland in 1864 it was unanimously voted to reorganize it, and that the Historical Society should become a chartered body.

The wisdom of this change soon became apparent, for some Jegree of interest was created and the society gradually became a depository of Baptist literature. Rare and valuable books were gathered to the number of about 7,500, and of pamphlets about 30,000, besides many manuscripts, periodicals, etc. This collection became of such value that the friends and officers urged that a suitable fireproof building should be provided for its housing, but the appeal was not responded to by the de-nomination, and what had been constantly dreaded finally happened and fire consumed every vestige of this valuable treasure. Dismayed, but not discouraged, the friends who believed that a Baptist His-

torical Society was a necessity began the work of restoring the loss and are now aiming for a larger and more valuable col-lection. A fair beginning has been made, but the denomination, it is stated, has not shown the interest which the work should excite, and efforts will be made to get the Baptist pastors throughout the country generally to bring the matter to the attention of the churches. Quite a number of Epworth Leaguers

from this vicinity are expecting to attend the International Epworth League convention at San Francisco, Cal., July 18 to 21 next. In addition to the usual program of exercises in which many bishops and other prominent church leaders will take part, arrangements have been made for steamer rides to the Golden Gate and to the different naval stations and fortified islands, With carriages or cars excursions will be the Cliff House, Chinatown and a score of other places. Nearby San Francisco are the seashore resorts of Del Monte and Santa Cruz, also the Santa Ciara valley. one of the most perfectly cultivated in the world; Palo Alto University, forests of big trees, the Lick observatory on Mount Hamilton and other points of interest.

One of the important matters which it is expected will receive attention from the Baltimore conference during its session at Roanoke, Va., next week and the week following will relate to the missionary conference which the entire church will hold at New Orleans during the latter part of April. Twenty delegates from the preachers and seven from among the laymen will represent the Baltimore conference in the meeting.
The holding of a general missionary con-

ference was suggested by the success of the international gathering in this cause at New York last spring. The bishops and other leaders of the church having favored the plan on April 24, a body of 1,100 selected delegates, men and women, will as-semble at Tulane Hall, in New Orleans. With them will come missionaries of this and other churches from China, Brazil, Japan, Mexico, Corea and Cuba, as well as from India and the islands of the sea. Among those expected to be present are three veteran missionaries of the orient, whose united terms of service measure one hundred and thirty years. Six days will be given to papers, ad-

dresses, discussions and devotional meet-ings in the interest of mission work at home and abroad. Among the speakers will be Bishop J. M. Thoburn of the Methodist Episcopal Church, forty years a mis-sionary in India and now missionary bishop for India and Malaysia; Mr. John Barrett, for India and Maiaysia; Mr. John Barrett, formerly minister to Siam; Dr. Alexander Sutherland of Canada, Dr. Young J. Allene of China, Mr. John R. Mott of New York, Miss Jane Addams of Chicago, four bish ops and many of the leading preachers and laymen of the home church. It is intended that the conference shall promote the work of the church abroad by disseminating late and accurate informa-tion from the field and by generating enthusiasm. It will also contribute to

the home church, a movement toward greater evangelical activity, which is now attracting the attention of all churches in the United States. Friends here of Rev. Dr. W. E. Hatcher, the well-known pastor of Grace Street

great forward movement, as it is called, in

Baptist Church, Richmond, have received information that he will at once retire from the ministry. Dr. Hatcher retires from his pastorate, where he has been for

twenty-six years, to accept a position with Richmond College.

It is understood the doctor is to start out on a tour to collect funds for that insti-tution of learning. Mr. Rockefeller, the Standard oil magnate, has offered to give Richmond College \$75,000 on the condition Richmond College \$75,000 on the condition that that institution shall collect \$25,000. It is to collect this amount that the doctor will go on his new mission. He is regarded as one of the most successful collectors for church purposes in the south. After this work is done it is expected the old paster. church purposes in the south. After this work is done it is expected the old pastor of Grace Street Church will occupy a permanent position on the staff of Richmond College, in which he has long taken a deep

The Maryland conference of the Metho dist Protestant Church, with which the churches of that denomination in this vicinity are connected, will hold its annual session at Easton, Md., next week, commencing Wednesday. Rev. L. F. Warner, pastor of the Easton Church, has made elaborate preparations for the meeting. Many important questions are to be brought up for discussion before the conference this year.

It is believed all the Washington pastors will be reappointed to their present charges for another year, but in various parts of the conference many changes are looked for. There are several candidates for the presidency this year, but it is generally thought the incumbent, Rev. A. D. Melvin, will be re-elected.

Sunday school expansion continues to at-tract much attention among leading workers in the cause, but complaint has been made that some superintendents have resisted the claims of the home department for recognition on the ground that the church was already overloaded with organizations. The truth is that the home department introduces he powers are presented. lepartment introduces no new organizacion nor does it intrude, supplant or trespass upon any other field of church work. It is simply a new class in the Sunday school. different from the others chiefly in the fact that its members pursue their studies in absence. A generation ago the Sanday school work expanded, and the primary work was instituted on new and better lines. Further expansion of this depart-ment has given the kindergarten and the cradle roll, that ingenious "trap to catch babies in."

When the Sunday school extended its coundaries so as to include in its home class the numerous Bible students for whom regular attendance had for any rea-son become difficult, it reached for the first time its natural limits. It now offers a place to every individual in every house hold, and when all departments are fully operated it should enroll every individual in the church, from the babe of a week to the patriarch of four score. At last there is some prospect of realizing the high ideal of Sunday school workers when the school shall be the whole church engaged in Bible study.

The home department is more than selfsupporting; instead of being a drain on the school, it has proved itself not only a source of revenue and a moral support, but a recruiting camp for Bible classes.

Rev. Dr. James I. Vance, who is well known in Washington, and was formerly stationed in Alexandria, Va., but who for some time past has been pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Nashville, Tenn., has accepted a call to the North Reformed Church, Newark, N. J. Dr. Vance is regarded as one of the ablest ministers in the Southern Presbyterian Church.

Mr. Jesse E. Potbury of the Washington bar will speak at the meeting of the Ep-worth League of the Metropolitan M. E. Church tomorrow evening. Mr. Potbury is an enthusiastic Y. M. C. A. man and is regarded as a very forcible speaker, especial-

Cardinal Gibbons has received a letter from Cardinal Vaughan of England to the that the Westminster Cathedral which the Catholics have been building in London for several years, is not sufficiently advanced to be dedicated June 29, as was planned, so that the exercises intended for that date will be postponed for another year. As heretofore stated in The Star, Cardinal Gibbons accepted an invitation to deliver the dedicatory sermon. tion was first extended to the cardinal when he visited the English prelate nouncing the postponement. Cardinal Gib-bons expects to make a trip to Rome this year and will start soon after the elevation of Archbishop Martinelli to the cardinalate. On his way back he may make a short visit to Cardinal Vaughan.

It is stated that Cardinal Gibbons will in a few days announce a number of important appointments and changes among the clergy of the archdiocese. Those at present decided upon are as follows: Rev. John Sullivan of St. Peter's Church, Washington, will be transferred to St. Mary Star of the Sea, Baltimore, as an assistant to the pastor, Rev. John T. Whelan. His place at St. Peter's will be taken by Rev. Joseph Gallen, formerly pastor of the Church of Sts. Philip and James, Balti-more. Rev. Dennis Keenan, formerly assistant priest at St. Cyprian's, Washington, will go to Newport, St. Mary's county, Md., from which church Rev. John Was been transferred to Sts. Philip and James

Baltimore. It is understood that Rev. Dr. D. J. Stafford will be appointed pastor of St. Patrick's Church, this city, to succeed the late Rev. John Glovd

Rev. Armand Gamp, formerly one of the priests at St. Mary's Church, this city, but more recently pastor of the Sacred Heart Church, Glyndon, Md., has been appointed by Cardinal Gibbons temporary pastor of St. Mary's Church, Govanstown, to relieve Rev. M. A. Fenne, whose health is bad. Father Fenne will soon sall for Europe, where he expects to remain for a time in the hope of regaining his health.

Rev. Thomas J. Monteverde of St. Joseph's parish. Ammendale, Prince George's county, Md., who has been ill, has recovered and returned to his parish.

The Proper Spirit.

First Doctor-"I don't think it absolute y necessary to operate" Second Doctor—"But I told them that it "Oh, well, then, as a matter of profes-sional courtesy, I, of course, shall stand by what you said."

Youth's Bad Start.

Man oft may soar to Fame's proud height But-drops with dismal thud When he goes back to neighborhoods Where people call him "Bud."



Expectant Motherhood

McDonald, Ga., July 18, 1900. I advise every suffering woman to take Wine of Cardui. While I was going with my other children I was compelled to stay in bed for days at a time, but this time I have taken Wine of Cardui and Thedford's Black-Draught and have been able to do all my housework without any trouble. I am expecting every day to be confined. My husband thinks Wine of Cardui is the best medicine in the world. He takes a dose of Thedford's Black-Draught every night and gives some to the children. He has not lost a day from work this year. He tells his friends about your wonderful medicines and I tell my lady friends to use

Mrs. GEORGIA LEE. There are thousands of women who shrink in terror at the thought of the baby's coming. But childbirth is one of the workings of nature and it was not intended to imply torture and agony to the heroic mothers of the race. The woman who suffers torture during pregnancy and at childbirth has usually, by some indiscretion, injured the organs which make her a woman. Neglect of menstrual irregularities leads to ovarian pains, falling of the womb and leucorrhoea, and the period of pregnancy is necessarily distress-

WINE OF CARDUI

your Wine of Cardui.

will regulate the menstrual function perfectly and eventually make the generative organs strong and healthy. Pregnancy and childbirth have no terrors for the woman who takes this pure Wine. A strong healthy womb will bring its precious burden to maturity with little or no pain. A healthy woman need not fear childbirth. Wine of Cardui completely cures all these troubles familiarly known as "female diseases" and equips the sensitive generative organs for pregnancy and childbirth. It will save any mother much pain and suffering. All druggists sell \$1.00 bot-

For advice and literature, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladles' Advisory De-partment," The Chattanooga Medicine Company, Chattanooga, Tenn.